

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Friday, September 3. 1706.

I Have often thought to take some Notice in this Paper, of the different Posture of the Affairs of France, as they now stand, compar'd to what they were when I undertook their Description at the Beginning of these Volumes; but as this Volume is dedicated to the State of our own Affairs at home, and that perhaps by the End of it, their Condition may yet be lower, I have still adjourn'd that Design. — But I cannot pass the Subject without a short Remark upon the Letter of the Archbishop of York to the Clergy and People of his Diocese, upon the occasion of a publick Humiliation appointed by the King, and which some People make themselves very merry with, as a Token of their most deplorable Condition.

I confess, Gentlemen, my Opinion of

Things sometimes differ from the publick Vogue, and then I am censur'd as singular, arrogant, and I know not what; but let that be as please you Critics, I am content to be what every body pleases; but yet I preserve to my self the Liberty of giving my Opinion, and therefore I desire your Patience with my Remarks upon both the Letter and the Occasion.

For the Occasion, it is moving indeed, and as a Nation, I sympathize with them; tho' as our Enemies I rejoice in their being humbled to such a degree: But let any Man turn the Tables, he may judge, what Condition the French are in by reflecting, what a Condition we should be in here, had we lost two such Battles as those of Blenheim and Ramellier, had our old veterane Troops been cut to pieces, the Duke of Marl-

Marlborough a Prisoner, our Fleet too weak to keep the Sea, and a great Army of *French* ship'd on board, and only waiting a fair Wind to come over, and begin the War at our own Doors.

This would, like the Storm when *Jonah* was in the Ship, make every Man cry unto his God. — And none could be unconcern'd, but he that had no Sense of a God above, or Destruction below; none but he that could not see beyond to morrow, and that had no such thing as Thought about him.

Blame not the *French* therefore for looking up to Heaven for Help; rather, Gentlemen, have a Care they don't out-pray you; if they should beat you at that Weapon, I must tell you, your Victories at *Blenheim* and *Ramellies* will be of very small Benefit to you, and when he that help'd you there, forsakes you, all that Work will be unravell'd in a Moment; but of this by it self.

As to the Letter, I shall not pretend to copy it, 'tis too long; I refer the Acquaintance to the *Daily Courant*, where it is printed at large; The first part of it is really full of well digested Divinity, and abating the Apochryphal Quotations, one would take the Archbishop to be not a Protestant only, but next Kin to a Presbyterian; the Arguments for general Humiliation are very moving, very religious, and press'd with strong Motives of Duty, Sense of God's Judgments, and the reason of them; and abating the Hints of Merit in their Repentance, which are but remote; the exceeding Reflections on publick Sins, Exhortations to Amendment, &c. are unexpected and remarkable.

The latter part of the Letter is indeed all Popery, as praying to *St. Genevieve* the Patroness of the City of *Paris*, and to a long Roll of Saints to intercede for them, the exposing the Reliques of *St. Genevieve* in her Coffin; whose Corpse, they say, is wonderfully and miraculously preserved, unperish'd and uncorrupted, and abounds with such things: These are Ignorances I have nothing to say to here, but to pity the poor People, which are subjected to them, and who mis-apply their Devotions, which should

be directed to their Maker and Saviour, to their Fellow-Creatures; who, if we think right, can afford them no Help.

But to come to the point, I have met with it once already, and it was the occasion of my writing this Paper. — How strange a Conjunction is it, for the Men of Devotion on their side to make use of for the raising the Hopes of their People, and ascribing something miraculous to their interceding Saints; that almost ever since their Day of general Humiliation, God has sent contrary Winds to retard and keep back the *English* Navy from invading them.

I remember a Story recorded of an *English* Soldier in the Time of *Henry VI.* who, when the *English* were first of their Conquests, and were driven out of *France*, and he being with some of the Army coming away, a *French* Man jestingly asked him, When they would come back again? When your Sins are greater than ours, reply'd the *English*-man.

Well, let us mock their praying to Saints, their Processions, and *Expiation* Reliques, and the like. — Yet to talk seriously, should the *French* turn *Ninevites*, and according to the first Part of the Archbishop of *Paris's* Letter, by a sincere and unfeign'd Repentance, look up to the Almighty — Who knows, *Jonah*, 3. 9. who knows, peradventure, God may turn from his fierce Wrath, that they perish not; I must therefore tell all that read this Paper, repenting *France* would be more formidable to us, than fighting *France*.

Wherefore, my serious Advice to *England* should be, to beat them at this Weapon too; not to let Success make us secure, but continue importunate with Heaven to perfect the Work of Liberty, which he has been pleas'd to give us in Prospect; and one Caution I would give to our Encouragers of Vice, Effluors of Play-houses, among our Youth, and Defenders of Drabbing and Brothel-house Swearing, &c. — I have a Care, Gentle Men, if you should be greater through the *French* than you were some of Victory will be in great Danger to turn.

I have no Doves to appoint Days; but certainly every Day should be a Christian Sabbath, though we look up to his Maker, in Behalf

half of the Nations Circumstances, and in Behalf of Europe's Circumstances, involved in Blood and War, with no visible Hopes of a Conclusion.

I remark this the more, on the sad Prospect of a new Scene of Blood, which I must own, gives me a sad View of general Confusion in Europe, and that is the Account of the Swedes being upon a March to invade the Electorate of Saxony.

Should that warm Monarch carry his Resentments so far as to pursue his Polish War into the Heart of the German Empire, he must of Necessity embroil himself with so many Branches of the Confederacy, to whom his Power will then be formidable; that I foresee, an inevitable War upon a new Foundation, must break out—What Part the English and Dutch will take in that Affair, I shall speak to in my next; but certainly the Destruction of a Protestant Country, and that by a Protestant Army, is at this Time Matter of just Concern to all the thinking Part of Europe, and should cause us to reflect upon what yet may be the Consequence of these things to the Confederacy, in which we are all embark'd.

Nor can I but acknowledge, that the continued and early Check given by the immediate Hand of Heaven to the most reasonable and best concerted Expedition, that this Nation ever made, must naturally lead us to enquire, for what it is the Almighty seems to blast our Hopes, and to implore his Benediction.

The Winds controuling our Navy, and threatening to disappoint our design'd Expedition, cannot but show us, that Heaven demands Satisfaction from us for some accused thing; pardon me then, ye Men, that condemn Fasts, and mock National Humiliations. If French Humiliation has wind-bound your Fleet, you have certainly occasion to struggle with the same Power, by the same prevailing Method to obtain leave to proceed upon to just a War, and gain the Blessing of Success.

This canting Fellow has done, Gentlemen, pray, excuse him; Dismiss you see, will make even a Popish Archbishop cant too; for my part, I cannot despise the general Application made to Prayers to God

Almighty on Account of their Distress, let their Religion be what it will, unless we pray too—For if they repent, and we sin on, if they go to Church, and on their Knees fast and pray, and we erect Play-houses, and teach Men to swear and insult Heaven, if they reform and become worse; I dare not answer for it, that they may not at last overcome you this way, tho' they can't in the Field.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Author of the *Post-Boy* is oblig'd not to take it amiss, that I am oblig'd to put him in Mind of reconciling some seeming Contradictions in his publick Account of the Surrender of *Mexico*, as follows,

1. How in the third Article of the Capitulation, he says the Garrison *descended to march out at the Breach, which was granted.*

And yet in his Article from *Courtray*, he says, the Garrison of *Mexico* *march'd out, according to the Capitulation, thro' the Liffa Gate.*

And in his Article of the 23^d Aug. N. S. from the Camp, he tells, there *was no Breach made in the Body of the Place.*

2. In the same Article of the Capitulation, 2 Canon of 18 *lib.* are granted, and 2 of 8 pound, and by an Alteration four Canon, 2 of 10 *lib.* and 2 of 16 *lib.* are granted in lieu of the 2 eight Pounders; and yet in the aforesaid Article from *Courtray*, he tells us, they *march'd out with 4 Cannon, and still according to the Capitulation.*

His 28th Article, that the Besiegers were to deliver up the Keys of the Magazine, I suppose, his Printer will correct.

Just Published,

A Dissertation upon the tenth Chapter of the fourth Book of Mr. Locke's Essay, concerning human Understanding. Wherein that Author's endeavours to establish *Sceptic's* Atheistical Hypothesis, more especially in that tenth Chapter, are discovered and confuted.

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